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DAY DREAMS.

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BY

JOSEPH A. NUNES, U.S.A.

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J. B. LIPPINCOTT & CO.
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DEDICATION.

To Major Will Cumback.

Dear Sir:—If it were in my nature to endeavor to avoid responsibility for my own actions, I might claim that the flattering opinions you have expressed, concerning some of the rhymes I have written, have mainly stimulated me to inflict this volume on an unsuspecting public; but I trust I am too considerate to permit you to be involved in any verdict of condemnation which may be impending over my own head, and I have too much pride (vanity some may think) to shrink from full accountability for anything that has obtained my sanction.

I have sufficient conceit to believe that some of the poems in the following pages possess merit, and my wish to preserve those is the only apology I feel disposed to

offer for the appearance of the rest. If your praise has been productive of evil, I can desire no atonement more complete than that you shall impose the task on yourself to *read* all that is now dedicated to you; but if your original thoughts are sustained after a second perusal, and also by the reading public, it will be a satisfaction to me to think that the compliment is worthy the acceptance even of a gentleman as accomplished and intelligent as yourself.

Very truly your friend,

JOSEPH A. NUNES.

CINCINNATI, August 6th, 1863.

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DAY DREAMS.

"THE FUTURE MAKES ALL RIGHT."

From the center of creation,
  To where 'tis lost in space,
There's a law of compensation
  That pervadeth every place;
That reaches every human heart,
  In accents sweet and light,
Or thunders, as the guilty start,
  "The future makes all right!"

Though wrong may rear its horrid form,
  Though innocence may weep,
While mercy flies, amidst the storm,
  And justice seems to sleep;

Though darkness spreads its somber fold,
  And earth be veiled in night,
The sun will gild the east with gold—
  "The future makes all right!"

All nature with emphatic speech,
  Since chaos ceased to reign,
Has sought mankind this truth to teach,
  But sought, alas! in vain;
While history turns its teeming page
  To man's and nations' sight,
And still cries out, from age to age,
  "The future makes all right!"

There ne'er has been an evil deed,
  Or governmental crime,
That did not retribution speed,
  And was avenged by time;
And low and high, and small and great,
  In poverty, or might,
Have lived to learn, though oft too late—
  "The future makes all right!"

Call empires from the misty past,
  Assyrian and Greek;

Bid Rome resume its limits vast,
  And let their voices speak!
They'll own that, spite of present power,
  Of seeming triumph spite,
The reign of wrong is but an hour—
  "The future makes all right!"

And think not e'en the guiltiest thing
  Is dead to human weal,
Or lost to conscience, or its sting—
  It may be forced to feel!
The crimson hand may grasp the bowl,
  The murderer's eye be bright,
E'en when the whisper frights his soul—
  "The future makes all right!"

As from the couch whereon he lies
  The miscreant will start,
The vengeful worm that never dies
  Keeps gnawing at his heart!
'Tis then, while spectral shadows rise,
  He cowers 'neath the blight,
And seems to hear, from earth and skies,
  "The future makes all right!"

Then who shall dare avow the creed,
  Eternal goodness scorns—
That innocence must ever bleed,
  While virtue treads on thorns;
That hope, to dry affliction's tears,
  Ne'er checks its onward flight,
Or murmurs in its listless ears,
  "The future makes all right!"

There is a joy, which, midst all joy,
  Sits crowned upon a throne;
The only one without alloy—
  It springs from duty done;
And he, whose throbbing bosom glows
  With this supreme delight,
Does more than dream—he sees and knows
  "The future makes all right!"

A DREAM OF LOVE.

SHE passed within the portal, as she bade her last adieu,
And twilight, o'er the scene she left, a somber mantle threw;
And a spirit came upon him, as he saw her form depart,
And a scene expanded to his view, beyond the reach of art.
The vision was not slumber, though he saw not things around,
Nor felt the earth whereon he trod, nor heard a single sound;
For the unsealed eyes were firmly fixed, though fixed beyond control,
And they looked upon a vision—a vision of the soul!

He stood beside a fairy lake, embowered in a vale,
And odors from the flower-strewn banks hung heavy on the gale,
And massy foliage, clust'ring high, dispersed and ample shade,
While many an alcove, nook, and bower the spreading branches made;
And through the tall majestic trees the distant hills were seen,
Rearing their swelling slopes above, and dressed in brightest green,
Save where, receding from the sight, they raised their heads in pride,
And wooed the clouds, in whose embrace their summits seemed to glide.
A fairy boat was on the lake—was at his very feet—
And, as he stept its sides within, commenced a slow retreat;
And gayly o'er the rippling waves it took its vagrant way,
Unguided, as he well could see, by hands of mortal clay;

But gracefully it onward swept, unto the farthest land,
Nor paused, until its tiny prow upturned the glittering sand.
It was a fair enchanting spot, that greeted now his sight,
And fairer still it seemed to him, in early morning's light.
Beyond the beach, the verdant sward rose with a gentle swell,
Through which a limpid stream poured down, meandering as it fell;
And melody from feathered throats, of birds of various dyes,
Attuned the air, from nether earth, up to the azure skies,
While fairly in the vision's reach—like to a rural cot,
For tenant of this paradise—there rose a crystal grot.

He lightly leaped upon the shore, and walked, as in a dream,
Toward where the grotto wedded seemed unto the murm'ring stream;

For, winding round its velvet base, and adding to
its charms,
The bride-like stream the grot embraced within
its silv'ry arms,
And as it twined itself along in sportiveness and
glee,
Sweet flowerets its banks o'erhung in chaplets
wild and free.
Each sense delighted and beguiled, he sought to
reach a spot
Where he might lave his yielding limbs, and rest
beside the grot.
The flowers thickened in his path, the songs were
multiplied,
And, conscious of security, the birds flew by his
side ;
But when the grotto's glist'ning walls were yielded
to his eyes,
His hand unconscious sought his head—he started
in surprise !
For on a mossy couch reclined a being fresh and
warm,
And oh ! 'tis wondrous strange to tell, that being
wore *her* form !

Her form ! the form of her he had so worshiped
in his dreams,
And offered incense at her shrine with morning's
ruddy beams ;
And thought of her at noontide time—at even-
ing's lonely hour,
And yielded up his very soul, a captive to her
power.
Her form ! it was indeed her form ! no other could
beguile,
And, as he gazed upon her face, her lip wreathed
with a smile,
And gracefully she waved her hand, and kindly
did him greet,
Until, encouraged by her words, he knelt beside
her feet !
Then passion, like a stream unpent, in torrents
seemed to flow,
And language, with affection's freight of elo-
quence, did glow ;
Then fancy, bounding through restraint, forgot
its timid fear,
And at each moment, meteor-like, gushed forth
some new idea,

Which, rainbow-tinted, reached the mind, and seemed to meet the sight
As palpably as though 'twere writ in words of living light!
It was not boldness prompted him, nor egotistic pride;
He yielded to the impulse of a strong, resistless tide,
And told the love that in his heart so long in silence dwelt,
And all he'd thought since her he'd seen, and all he'd known and felt;
But naught of hope he uttered, and his eyes were on the ground,
And his voice, though it thrilled with love, retained its low and plaintive sound.
She listened to his burning words, and blushes clothed her cheek,
And thrice she tried to answer him before her tongue could speak;
She viewed his eager eyes, cast down, and saw his modest mien,
And that which turned her glance below, was sympathy, I ween.

"The flowers," she said, while plucking one, "expand toward the light;
'Tis looking trustfully above that makes their colors bright!"
"And when," he asked, "the brilliant sun sinks in the distant deep?"
"With faith," she blushingly replied, "they close their eyes to sleep,
And Heaven's unceasing care will send the wind, the sun, the rain,
That drooping, on their withered stems, they soon revive again."
A murmured answer reached his lips, but ere he could begin it,
Their glances met, and oh, how sweet the rapture of that minute!
"And I," he cried, "with love and faith will look up to thy light;
Thou shalt be sun and flower, and all that's beautiful and bright;
And I will live but in thy smile, which, when I seek in vain,
I'll sink upon the earth's cold bed, nor e'er revive again!"

He stretched his arms to clasp her form in one
prolonged embrace,
When lo! she'd vanished from his sight—he gazed
on empty space!
And lake, and bower, and birds were gone; and
morning's ruddy beam;
And all he'd seen, and all he'd heard, was but a
waking dream.
Yet he had that within his heart which made his
heart rejoice,
As he listened to the echoes of the dear familiar
voice:—
"The flowers," it said, or seemed to say, "expand
toward the light;
'Tis looking trustfully above that makes their
colors bright."
And lightly, in that evening hour, he took his
homeward way,
As happy as if tree, and flower, and lake before
him lay.

DREAM OF GRIEF.

Alas, for human happiness!
  For human hopes, alas!
Like substances we grasp at them,
  But shadow-like they pass!
The pliant mind, 'tis true, becomes
  With other thoughts employed,
Yet oh, full oft their passage leaves
  The human heart a void,
And where the buoyant fancy fixed,
  A future all its own,
We find a waste, whereon we stand,
  Deserted and alone!

No more our youthful hero dwelt,
  In thoughts of coming bliss,
Which now he deemed could ne'er descend
  Upon a world like this:

No more he thought the morrow's dawn
  Would happiness disclose,
And cause the sterile path of life,
  To flourish like the rose;
For she, whose lightest word had been,
  To him, a spell profound;
Whose image, like the ivy shoots,
  His heart had circled round;
Whose destiny he'd intertwined
  With that which was his own,
And who, of his existence,
  The better past had grown—
Now slept the sleep that knows no voice
  That's formed by human breath,
And pure, and virgin as the snow,
  She lay, the bride of death!

A specter bride! whose nuptial hour
  Was one of deepest gloom;
Whose marriage music dirges were—
  Whose bridal couch, the tomb!
She was no more! oh, fearful words,
  Pregnant with meaning dire,

They dried the fountains of his heart,
  And seared his brain with fire!
She was no more! Fate now to him
  No other blow could give,
Save that one only dread decree;
  The one that bade him live!
She was no more! his world, thenceforth,
  Was only in the past;
The future frowned before him
  As a desert wild and vast,
O'er which a weary pilgrimage
  He was ordained to tread,
And know no rest till he could lie
  Beside the worshiped dead.

'Twere vain to tell how long he bent
  Beneath the weight of grief,
Or when the angel Hope breathed to
  His stricken soul relief;
Suffice it that the Providence,
  Which governs all below,
Has not decreed to mortal man
  Eternity of woe;

And time, which buries human cares
  Within its noiseless tide,
Took also his upon its breast,
  And caused them to subside:
Not into mere oblivion, no,
  That could never be,
While recollection still survived,
  Or fancy could be free;
But into plaintless sadness,
  And resignation mild,
And, like a sage and gentle nurse,
  His agony beguiled,
Till earth once more was veiled to him,
  But 'neath a partial cloud,
And ceased to wear, as it had wont,
  One everlasting shroud!

'Twas then there rose within his breast
  A restless wish to roam,
To lose, 'mid newer scenes, the thoughts
  So twined around his home,
And those, how long familar spots!
  So loved, and yet so feared;

Where memory, o'er buried hopes,
  Its sacred fane upreared;
And where, in solemn pageantry,
  The mental eye beheld
Inscriptive lines, which, like the past,
  Attracted and repelled.

In boyhood he had nursed the thought
  To traverse distant lands,
And take his way through Alpine snows,
  O'er Afric's burning sands,
And, free in thought, in action free,
  By inclination led,
(Though naught but night should mantle him,
  And earth supply his bed,)
Explore the scenes described in books
  As great, from age to age—
Scenes pointed out by fabled song,
  And by historic page;
And feel, while viewing battle-fields
  Before his vision spread,
In presence of, and converse with,
  The famed and mighty dead.

Yielding to fancy's magic sway,
  With wild heroic joy,
He saw himself by Homer led
  Around the walls of Troy,
And gazed on conflicts in which gods
  Were emulous for fame,
And sought, by earthly trophies plucked,
  To gild immortal name;
Where Mars would urge the battle on,
  Where Pallas deigned to speak,
And rally round the Trojan flag,
  Or charge with charging Greek.
Then, following the tide of time,
  He saw Rome's rise and fall,
And viewed the surging Scythian,
  The Vandal, Goth, and Gaul;
The Ostrogoth, and Frank and Hun,
  The Visigoth and Turk,
Despoil the mistress of the world,
  And consummate the work
Of retribution, which the wrongs
  Of centuries called down,
And shattered—like a blasted trunk
  Beneath the storm-king's frown—

The lusts, which, like foul parasites,
  Had overrun the State,
Destroying all the virtues which
  Had made it strong and great!

He saw barbarian hordes succumb
  Beneath the charms of peace,
And vie, at length, in arts and arms,
  With polished Rome and Greece.
He saw the age of chivalry
  Before his vision pass,
But did not note the mass of men
  Down-trodden by a class,
Who used them as the beasts are used,
  And ruled with rods of steel,
And bowed their necks unto the earth
  Beneath their iron heel!
He saw the printing-press lend wings
  To long-imprisoned thought,
And thrilled at all the blessing which
  That minister had wrought:
He saw the people struggle with,
  And cast their tyrants down,

And break the fetters which were forged
  By miter and by crown!
And Freedom, in her flight, he saw,
  Across the stormy wave,
And saw her land on Plymouth Rock,
  And call the true and brave,
To rear her temple broad and high,
  Upon that distant strand—
A home for the oppressed of earth,
  From every foreign land.
He saw that temple's columns rise,
  And saw its dome complete,
And man beneath its shadow stand
  Erect upon his feet!
He saw its starry ensign wave—
  Its streaks of morning's light,
And nations either seek its love,
  Or else respect its might!

And he was proud that fate had cast
  His lot upon that soil,
Where birth is naught without good deeds;
  Where honor follows toil!

For well he knew that thought alone—
  Though distant he might roam—
Would welcome him in foreign climes,
  As warmly as at home.
And yet he never left that home,
  Though eager to depart,
For sounds were floating in the air
  Which stirred his inmost heart,
And caused the life-blood through his veins
  To flow with lava tide,
At wild ambition's restless aims,
  And hell-begotten pride,
Which sought, like Satan and his fiends—
  But sought like them in vain—
The pillars of the State to crush,
  And o'er the ruin reign!
Alas, those sounds were but the tones
  Which told the coming storm,
And showed Rebellion rampant leap
  Round Treason's giant form!
For, like a giant it approached,
  To wreak its impious wrath,
While Desolation, step by step,
  Pursued its devious path.

'Twas then that loyal hearts and arms,
  Still true to Freedom's cause,
Arrayed themselves in serried ranks,
  To vindicate the laws,
And keep intact the heritage
  Designed for coming time,
By men whose lives were more than great,
  Whose virtue was sublime!

'Twas then our hero, with the first,
  Rushed forth to meet the shock,
Which back to its dark waters shrank,
  Like ocean from the rock;
And gallantly he followed up
  Rebellion's guilty wave,
And ranked, 'mid freedom's hosts, among
  The bravest of the brave!
'Tis pity such as he should fall,
  Yet, oh, who would not sigh
To hear, as earth recedes from view,
  The shouts of triumph nigh,
And see, ere death has set his seal
  Upon the lingering glance,

The banner, dearer far than life,
  To victory advance!
One look of joy he cast on that,
  One thought upon his bride,
And breathing blessings on them both,
  The gallant soldier died!

FREEDOM'S RALLY.

WAKE, Freedom, with thy trumpet tongue,
  Each echo in the land,
Till, at the sound, both old and young
  In arms before thee stand!
Gaunt Treason, stalking in the light,
  Uprears its hydra head,
And thy bright hosts must prove their might,
  And strike the monster dead!

Form, freemen, as the snow-flakes form
  Upon the mountain side,
And onward move, as moves the storm
  In its relentless pride!
Let traitors learn that treason's woe,
  And, while their cheeks still blanche,
Impel yourselves upon the foe,
  A living avalanche!

Shall it be said that Lexington
  In vain gave freedom birth;
In vain was seen by Yorktown's sun
  Oppression crushed to earth?
Shall it be said the wise, the good,
  The brave, who've been our pride,
Poured forth in vain their precious blood;
  In vain have fought and died?

No! By our sacred sires, and Him
  Who nerved their hearts with fire!
Their godlike deeds shall ne'er grow dim,
  Nor shall their names expire!
We'll bear the glorious flag they gave
  To our protecting hand,
Until its folds again shall wave
  Triumphant through the land!

Until each star upon its field
  Shall blaze with meteor light,
And till each foe is seen to yield
  A captive to its might;

Ay, till the continent pours out
  The war-cry of the free,
And joins in one exultant shout,
  For God and Liberty!

FORWARD.

FORWARD! the path before us lies—
  The foe is in that path,
And we must strike him, as he flies,
  With earth's consuming wrath.
No hope should cheer, no power should save
Dark treason from its darker grave!

Forward! the land that gave us birth,
  The laws which prove us free,
The ties which bind to home and hearth,
  Cry "Death or Liberty!"
A glorious death, a glorious life,
Is his, the foremost in this strife!

Forward! the startled world looks on
  With mingled hope and fear,

While Fame, at every victory won,
  Embalms each bright career!
Charge bravely, then, at treason's core,
And traitors sink to rise no more!

Forward! the cry is from our sires,
  Our children lisp it, too,
And fan the patriotic fires
  To home and country due.
The sword unsheathed, and banners' wave,
Proclaim we conquer, and we save!

Forward! the memories of the past,
  The hopes of coming time,
Speak to our hearts with trumpet blast,
  And make our cause sublime!
The starry ensign still shall be
A shield to all who would be free!

THE PRESIDENT.

"While kings in dusky darkness hid,
Have left a nameless pyramid,
Thy heroes, though the general doom
Hath swept the column from their tomb,
A mightier monument command,—
The mountains of their native land!
There points thy muse, to stranger eye,
The graves of those who cannot die."—BYRON.

YES, kings may fall, and dynasties may fade,
And leave no record for a future age,
But you, their ruler, by the people made,
Shall live for aye, on the historic page.

More high than monarchs of precarious power,
You sit enthroned within a nation's heart,
And guide the bark of state; in darkest hour
Preserve its sails, nor let its timbers part.

You, its sure pilot, vigilant and brave,
Shall stem the tumult of the raging main!

And every star upon its flag shall save,
  And steer it to its haven once again!

That task accomplished, and midst works of peace
  You shall glide gently to your final rest,
And after echoes of rebellion cease,
  Ages unborn shall rise and call you bless'd!

OUR COUNTRY.

"The Union; it must and shall be preserved."

ARISE, O Genius of our happy land!
Inspire my soul, and guide aright my hand!
Allow my feeble voice the thunder's pealing tone,
And grant the power which dwells with thee alone:
That power which once proclaimed from shore to shore
That tyranny could rear its head no more—
That power which hailed the dawn of Freedom's sun,
And gave to deathless fame, a godlike *Washington!*
A hero on whose glitt'ring history's page
We see inscribed—*the Soldier, Statesman, Sage*—

A patriot pure, who, for his country's good,
Poured forth, like rushing streams, his precious
blood—
A doting father, who, with dying speech,
Among his children *Union* strove to teach,
And love fraternal to each heart and mouth
Of Nature's brothers from the *North to South.*
Shade of the Deathless! from thy tomb arise!
Arise in spirit to thy children's eyes,
And with a look rebuke the frantic ire
Which threatens Home with a consuming fire.
Say to those recreants, who, with impious art,
The bands of brotherhood in twain would start,
That Heaven, its vengeance withering will file,
While Earth, its curses heavenward will pile,
To crush the wretch who dares a blow to aim
Against his country's welfare or its fame.
But the fanatics cool their frenzied zeal
In common feeling for the common weal,
Nor let the shouts of discord madly rise,
Polluting earth—offensive to the skies.
Their thoughts, their feelings never should be
bound
By the small span that circles them around;

A nobler destiny upon them waits,
Than merely denizens of *single States!*
The glorious Union, of which they form a part,
(A thought that should be dear to ev'ry freeman's
heart,)
The Beacon Fabric, whose proud base to raise
Conferred immortal honor and undying praise—
The Magic Spell, which, heard across the waves,
Struck off the fetters from unnumbered slaves—
The Light of Ages, still within its morn,
To point the way to millions yet unborn—
The Happy Union, whose auspicious rise
Has changed a desert to a paradise—
The Union now, their parent, as of erst,
Demands, expects, deserves their duty first!
A lightsome task, for which she should not wait,
For truth to her can wrong no single State.
Shade of the Worshiped, bid these murmurs cease,
Or let those voices only speak of peace!
Say to the zealots, should Heaven their wishes
hear,
And *curse* them with its *sanction* to their prayer,
Each step they took in the detested chase,
Each step would meet a harvest of disgrace,

And ev'ry victory that might their progress
greet,
Would be, to Freedom, inglorious defeat.
All triumphs would be losses, in a cause
That martyr's Liberty and Nature's laws.
Living, unblest, they'd sigh for death in vain,
And suffer all the damned conceive of pain:
By Heaven deserted, and by man despised,
They'd feel too late they had been ill advised.
E'en when relenting death should close the life
So long unprized, because the bitter strife
Of dark remorse had robbed it of its bliss,
And whispered, "any bourn prefer to this;"
E'en then, they could not gain what every slave
At least enjoys—an undisturbed grave;
For, like Olympus, rising to the sky,
Their infamy would blaze on every eye,
And nation's curses, swelling into gloom,
Would rear a vast imperishable tomb,
And future ages, startled at the sight,
With scorn and hate their epitaph would write,
To warn All Time the doom that ever waits
The wretch who murders Freedom on her States!

LIFE'S GOLDEN LEAVES.

AN ALLEGORY

Upon a violet bank reclined
  A childish maiden fair,
Who smiled to feel the evening breeze
  Sport with her raven hair :

And while her lustrous eyes pursued
  A blue bird in its flight,
They seemed the windows of a soul,
  The home of love and light.

But wherefore rose she suddenly ?
  Why was her eager gaze
So bent upon the distant wood,
  With unrepressed amaze ?

'Tis true the sun was sinking fast,
  While darker grew each glade,
But hers was not the heart to fear
  The forest or its shade!

A stranger form emerged from thence,
  And, as he took his way
Toward where the startled damsel stood,
  He beckoned her to stay!

No violence was in his mein,
  Nor was his manner wild,
But gracefully he waved his hand
  To soothe the gentle child.

An aged, reverend man he seemed,
  In garb of antique style,
Of lands remote from where she dwelt,
  By many a weary mile.

A scythe across his back was thrown,
  And, in his wrinkled hand,
He bore aloft an hour glass,
  Full charged with golden sand.

His silver locks streamed in the wind,
  As with a steady tread
He stalked to where the damsel stood
  In mingled doubt and dread.

The maiden gazed, with rising awe,
  Upon that withered form,
Which mutely spoke of sultry suns,
  And many a winter's storm.

But when the old man's glance met hers,
  He taught his lips to smile,
And sought, by gentle looks and words,
  Her terror to beguile.

He said he had a precious gift
  To yield unto her hand—
A book—which she might read for years,
  And seek to understand!

And when that tome had been perused,
  The visit he'd renew,
And then display, from out his store,
  Another to her view.

And saying this, his robe disclosed
  A book with diamond clasp,
Which tenderly he placed within
  Her timid doubtful grasp.

She knew not he had gone, until
  She heard him breathe "adieu!"
But when she turned to where he'd stood,
  He was no more in view!

'Twas then the volume wide she ope'd,
  And did each page unfold;
But who can tell her wonder vast,
  To find—*the leaves were gold!*

The title, traced in rainbow hues,
  Her quick attention drew,
And that unto the mystic tome
  Revealed a distant clew.

But yet at first it sounded strange,
  And seemed indeed uncouth,
That this delightful book should bear
  No other name than—Youth!

HAPPINESS.

Is happiness Utopia?
  May it be said, aloud,
The world pursues, in seeking it,
  A sunbeam on a cloud?
If not a dream, where is its home?
  Can mind of mortal tell
Its latitude or longitude,
  Or where it loves to dwell?

It is not in the busy throng;
  You seek it there in vain!
Nor is it in the gay saloon,
  'Mid pleasure and 'mid pain.
'Tis not of mountain, vale, or stream,
  Nor yet in crowded mart;
Where can this El Dorado be—
  This Eden of the heart?

'Tis anywhere, 'tis everywhere;
  'Tis general as the wind!
Wherever man may be, it is—
  Offspring of heart and mind!
It germinates in virtuous deeds
  Jehovah's self may scan;
In doing right, with all our might,
  And—in good-will to man!

PASSION'S PRAYER.

Ask aught but this, and, by my virgin faith,
I'll do thy wish, although the act be death!
O'er mighty ocean's ceaseless waves I'll roam,
Nor know a friend, nor ever sigh for home;
I'll spend my years from social pleasures free,
And have no joy but in the thought of thee;
I'll toil in mines, or, to the galleys chained,
Linger, in grief, till youth's bright sun has waned;
In caves I'll live, where daylight scorns to shine,
And, hermit-like, unknown, unnoted pine,
Till pitying death, too long in vain defied,
Poises his dart and stalks up to my side;
Through trackless forests I will take my way,
And know no rest, nor food, by night or day,
But such as weary nature sternly asks
To nerve the frame and fit it for its tasks;

I'll tread o'er deserts—to earth's confines rove—
But do not, do not bid me cease to love!

In vain the mandate meets my startled ear,
And chills my heart, and makes it throb with fear.
No power remains that mandate to obey;
As easy might you bid the whirlwind stay,
When it sweeps on its desolating course,
Far from the home where it derived its source,
As say unto this wildly beating heart,
That from its very essence it must part!
Thou art its essence—the blood that gives it life—
Its empress! queen! its mistress and its wife!
And canst no more be severed from its side
Than streams from ocean—ocean from its tide!

Can I forget that joyous, festive night,
When, 'midst a blaze of beauty and of light,
I saw thee peerless, though around thee smiled
The loveliest dames that ever heart beguiled?
Can I forget the dream that softly stole,
Like morning sunlight o'er my ravished soul,
And bade it speed, rejoicing on its way,
As night had passed and it had waked to day?

Can I forget the blossom of that hour,
Which since has ripened to a beauteous flower,
Disclosed its tints, and oped its leaves so fair,
And with sweet fragrance kissed the wooing air?
No, though o'er the memory of the past
Unnumbered thoughts in endless links were cast!
Though a new Lethe, from an earthly head,
Burst o'er my soul and made my mind its bed—
Though I stood threatened with the burning ire
Of ruddy waves from some volcanic fire—
Though all the ills that may occur to man
Within his life, (not idly called a span,)
Should on my head with ruthless fury fall,—
I'd face the tempest, and I'd brave it all;
I could do aught that might my manhood prove,
But yet I cannot, cannot cease to love.

Conspiring Fates, that promised late so bright,
May crush my hopes and doom thee from my sight;
May frown upon the union of our hands,
And keep us far apart in distant lands,
Between whose friendless shores no kindly sails
Spread their white bosoms to the fav'ring gales;

But Fate itself a triumph could not boast
If it decreed the vision should be lost,
Which, until now, has made my life a scene
More purely bright than any that hath been
To simple man by smiling Mercy given,
To make his bliss approach to that of heaven.
Still Fate, regardless of a mortal's woe,
May have reserved for me a cruel blow—
A blow more dreaded than the passing breath
Of the grim specter men call *gloomy* death;
Oh, let it not ordain that we should sever,
Or, if it does, let it not be forever!
No doom so dread by mocking fiends is wrought,
There's more than madness in the fearful thought!
It burns, like living lightning, through my mind,
And gives a tongue to every breath of wind—
Makes cold my blood, and lifts each drooping hair,
Stoops, serpent-like, and hisses forth despair!
I see thee lost, and o'er my darkened soul
Ages of agony in moments roll,
Closing like waves above some drowning wretch,
Whose arms are raised in the vain hope to stretch
Beyond the awful, drear and narrowing bound
Of waters wild that circle him around!

I cannot longer on the picture dwell—
'Twere better far to say at once "farewell!"—
Not to bright joy, (for, should thy purpose last,
All hope of joy forever would be past,)
But to the vernal scenes of earth, that swarm
With teeming life and human passions warm—
Than to live on, and know that thou couldst be
Less in thy love than now thou art to me.
Oh, it were best, with one deep swelling sigh,
To breathe "adieu!" close my sad eyes and die.
Then do not speak those chilling words again;
The wish is fruitless, save to give me pain—
For witness, all ye list'ning powers above,
I cannot, no, I cannot cease to love!

FORGET ME.

For the wrongs that thou has wrought me,
(If for those thou wouldst atone,)
The wrongs which, 'midst a crowded world,
Make me desolate and lone,
Thou mayst now a solace furnish,
If thou'rt not monster yet;
A simple, silly boon I crave—
That thou wilt all forget!

Forget that e'er thou'st known me;
Forget that I have loved;
And I will cease remembering
The treachery I have proved.
Forget e'en my existence—
Nay, the very name I bear:
Let memory, like innocence,
A spotless blank appear.

By the faith I once placed in thee,
  By the love which once you sought,
By the heart whose every throb was thine,
  Till its anguish thou hadst wrought;
By the fairness of thy features,
  By thy wiliness of soul,
By all that earth or man holds dear;
  By Heaven's supreme control!

By the smile which lit thy beauty
  When thou saw'st me by thy side,
By the smooth guile, which through thy heart
  Flowed on in ebon tide;
By the kiss, that was pollution,
  (Thy lips another claimed,)
By the fond embrace I prized so dear,
  While thou wert yet unblamed;

By all thy hopes of happiness,
  With him whom now you wear,
By the judgment-seat of God above,
  Where we will all appear;
By thy memory of innocence
  Preserved from stain or blot,

By all that words or thoughts can urge,
  Let me ever be forgot!

I would I could as easy rend
  Thine image from my heart,
Or backward to their fountain send
  The burning tears that start:
I would that I could only see
  Thy person as it is;
But fancy revels in the past
  And fondly clings to bliss;

To bliss that never can exist,
  Except in fancy's realms;
For truth will sweep the visions by,
  And truth with grief o'erwhelms.
But yet I will not chide at thee,
  Nor all my wrongs rehearse;
To Heaven I leave thy perfidy,
  To Heaven I breath my curse.

May she never, in her pilgrimage,
  A prey to sorrow prove,
But let her path be lighted with
  Perpetual peace and love.

May the memory of injuries
  Be blotted from thy scroll,
Lest gaunt remorse, with its dark train,
  Corrode into her soul.

And oh, if for her want of faith
  She is decreed to moan,
Divert the object of thy wrath—
  Let it fall on me alone!
Let it gather in its fury,
  Let me to earth be crushed;
Let my agony be doubled—
  But be her sorrows hushed!

Let pleasure, bright, her handmaid be,
  Let joy have no eclipse;
Let happiness in fruitful streams
  Be ever at her lips;
But *do not* let her think of him
  Whose love is constant yet;
Whose pride it is to be forgot—
  Then let her all forget!

I AM FREE!

Once more I am free! and the love-dream is past,
  And the heart from its thraldom is burst!
The spell from its captive forever is cast
  To the visions that fettered me first:
Henceforward no wild bird which skims on the
    breeze,
  No sunbeam that plays on the sea,
Is wilder or lighter than I, when I please—
  Henceforth I am free! I am free!

I am free! I am free! and no more can be slave
  To that passion which masters the soul;
Not a link of my chain can e'er rise from the wave,
  Till Oblivion ceases to roll:
The prism may sever the flashes of light,
  And the flower make captive the bee;
But I sip not the sweets, nor e'en see what is
    bright—
  Henceforth I am free! I am free!

THE BRIGADIER'S LOVES.

DREAM OF AN EDITORIAL IN WAR TIMES.

Visionary Extract from the —— Phœnix of May, 1863.

Our paper this morning, with lightning speed,
Presents the account of a terrible deed
Which yesterday startled the editor's glance,
And exceeded all records of truth or romance
It has been his misfortune ere this to behold,
Or that ever in verse or in story was told.
But we must not trifle with time at this place,
Or keep back the news by a lengthy preface;
So we hang up our coat and we take off our gloves,
And the story announce as — The Brigadier's Loves!

It seems there has been in our midst, for some time,
A youth, who in feature and form is sublime;

Whose voice is sweet music, whose gestures are grace,
And accord with the heavenly charms of his face.
At the curve of his lip, or the glance of his eye,
The maidens oft blush, and still oftener sigh,
For simper or struggle as much as they list,
There's a spell which surrounds him they cannot resist.
Alas, the dear creatures, how hapless their fate!
Since with no more than one (at a time) he can mate,
And their smiles, and their tears, and their longings are vain,
And serve but to add to the total of pain
Which must rain on their heads, from the clouds thick and black,
And scatter bruised hearts on the conqueror's track!

Now Fate, just to thicken the ladies' mishaps,
Has graced this youth's coat with a brigadier's straps,

Placed lace on his pants, and a sword at his side,
And launched his gay bark, both with wind and
with tide,
On the river that runs to the ocean of life,
To subdue any sweetheart, or capture a wife.
When his presence was known, how the girls
flocked to see,
And cried, with delight—"it is he! it is he!"
Save one, who remained in her bower alone,
And warbled sweet music in love's honeyed tone.
She bent o'er her harp, and she swept its bright
strings
Till the sounds seemed to float on the ether with
wings,
And were wafted by Cupid, who toyed with a
dart,
Till their echoes grew faint in the Brigadier's
heart.

He loved! do not blame him, for never did sight
Encounter a creature more pure or more bright
Than the being who moved like a dream at his side,
And who blushed as he called her his goddess
and bride!

He loved! it were well had he never before
Learned that verb and its moods, or the verb "to adore,"
For 'tis known that he left, on the river above,
A maiden, whose claim to his whole stock of love
Was as clear as the sun and its floodgates of light,
Or the moon, when she moves like a queen through the night.
So fair is this maid, and so loving and true,
That art seeks in vain to present a faint view
Of the charms of her person and wealth of her mind,
Which comes from earth's contact like gold thrice refined,
And scatters around her, like flowers in bloom,
An atmosphere laden with richest perfume!
Dear maiden! the fountains of tears must o'erflow
As sympathy murmurs thy sad tale of woe,
And the heart which at sight of thy grief does not bleed,
Claims kindred with fiends, and is callous indeed!
But pass we her griefs, let them sink to their rest,
Like pearls which the ocean for ages hath press'd,

Which seem but more pure from the gloom of their bed,
And smile as the dark waters surge o'er their head.
The Brigadier stood in the church with his bride,
The prayer had been said and the knot had been tied,
The ring had been put on, and, with blushes, the kiss
Been received as an earnest of unfading bliss;
When a stranger, who'd traveled full many a mile,
Pushed open the door and stalked up the long aisle,
Nor paused, till his eyes, firmly fixed, met the glance
Of the bridegroom, who stood like a man in a trance,
And gazed, (yet it could not have been with affright,)
As though a new gorgon had challenged his sight.
The stranger was swarthy, disheveled his hair,
And he bore on his features the traces of care;

He seemed like a man who, though rigid as
steel,
Had known in the past, and could know how to
feel,
For all of the sorrow and much of the sin
Which the grave, like a mantle, at last closes in,
And leaves it, beneath its green shelter of sod,
To answer the mercy or justice of God!

He looked at the bride, and a tear dimmed his
eye,
He glanced at the groom, and the tear-drop was
dry;
He thought he discovered the tremor of fear
On the Brigadier's lip as he hissed in his ear—
"Fell traitor and coward, thy triumph is o'er!
Thou shalt shatter bright hopes and affections no
more!
A fair maiden lies at the verge of the tomb,
And mine is the voice which pronounces thy
doom!
Then draw thy good sword, be a man in this
strife,
Invoke all thy art and defend thy base life!

A kinswoman's injuries hang at my side,
And must e'en be washed out in thy life's ruddy tide!"
A moment the Brigadier lingered in doubt—
But one—then his sword from its scabbard flew out;
But vain was his skill, his endurance in vain,
The blows of the stranger fell on him like rain,
Till exhausted he knelt, then he fell on the floor,
Which now was all dark and empurpled with gore!

We have traveled 'mid Turks, and 'mid heathens and Greeks,
But ne'er have we listened to heart-rending shrieks
Such as came from the throats of the bride's beauteous train,
When they thought that the groom at the altar was slain!
The bride's look (a figure from Shakspeare to borrow)
Was "Pelion on Ossa," or "horror on horror!"

Bewildered she seemed, and distraught and distress'd,
Then sank with a sigh on the Brigadier's breast!
But what is most strange, 'midst the shrieks and the screams,
The stranger took flight for the bright land of dreams;
While our officers think, with their wisdom so deep,
They can capture him yet—*if they go fast asleep!*

PROLOGUE

TO THE COMEDY OF FAST FOLKS; OR, THE EARLY DAYS OF CALIFORNIA.

WESTWARD the Star of Empire takes its flight,
And sleeping lands awake beneath its light;
All human interests one by one unfold,
And, though aroused at first by tales of gold,
(Uncounted gold, in never-failing streams,
Such as exist in fables, or in dreams,)
Expand beyond the simple, sordid thought
Which comes at length to be considered naught;
Or, only as the source from which we trace
A nobler era for the human race!
Here—from the kindly bosom of the soil—
Spring health and wealth for all the sons of toil:
Here, commerce finds a home; and on its wings
Glad tidings bears, and from earth's confines
brings;

Here, the same stream that fills the miner's flume,
In time will speed the spindle and the loom!
Here, science finds new fields on which to pore,
And largely adds to its exhaustless store;
And here—where late was but a howling waste—
There glow the graceful forms of Art and Taste!
Wonder not, then, if, with becoming dread,
The Thespian muse lifts up her modest head,
And pleads, in whispered tones, that she may boast
A home established on this happy coast;
For she, as erst, advances and departs
In the bright train of all her sister arts,
And claims—while noting human smiles or strife—
The right to hold the mirror up to life!
To-night our author shows, in strong contrast,
The placid present, by the whirling past,
And seeks, with ardent hope, to win your praise
For truthful sketches of our early days!
You are the court to which he brings his cause;
He asks a verdict of—your kind applause!

SONG OF SATAN.

THE devil he stood on two bags of gold,
  And heaps of the ore around him lay,
  More than had seen the light of day,
Or the miserly hands of ages told,
Ere they had grown both weak and old,
  And crumbled back to clay.
    And the devil laughed long,
    And the devil laughed loud—
        Ho ho! ho ho! ho ho!

And a thousand imps they joined the song,
  As around their prince they came in a crowd;
And h—ll, it echoed from base to rafter
With the sounds of their wild, unearthly laughter—
        Ho ho! ho ho! ho ho!

"This gold is my throne," the devil said,
"The great scepter I sway the world by,
And rule the best and most unruly,
(The saintly meek, the wise of head,)
Who won't by other means be led—
They worship me most truly.
They are mine," said the devil,
"They are bought and sold—
Ho ho! ho ho! ho ho!

"Their ears have been caught by the tinkling chime,
And their souls have been bartered for gold!
Then shout, my subjects, peals of laughter,
To welcome them to their hereafter!
Ho ho! ho ho! ho ho!

"I saw," said the devil, "a widow distress'd,
And her orphans stood shivering by her,
Hungry and cold, and in tears for their sire,
Who lay stark and stiff, in his long sleepless rest,
With a heart that was broken, and body oppress'd,
By a candidate for my warm fire;

And I laughed to myself,
As I held fast to my side—
Ho ho! ho ho! ho ho!

"To think that this gatherer up of pelf,
This creature of power—this worm of pride!
Who reveled as though he was master of time,
Had made himself, aye, eternally mine!
Ho ho! ho ho! ho ho!

"I encourage them all, the seekers of gold,
Who will traffic, and trade, and chaffer with me,
And think that their souls and bodies are free,
As year after year they grow sinful and old
And their hearts wither up, and get callous and cold,
And they look with a smile upon earth's misery;
Then let them think on,
And indulge in their smile;
Ho ho! ho ho! ho ho!

"For those pleasant thoughts, they cannot last long,
And they make our compact secure for the while;
And they leave us to shout, and grow frantic with laughter,
As we think of our meeting in this, *their hereafter!*
Ho ho! ho ho! ho ho!"

I WISH HE WERE HERE.

He turned and he left her, too proud to endure
The slights ever greeting his passion so pure.
She saw him depart, and she smiled at his rage,
"He'll be back in a moment again, I engage!"
But he came not—the moments rolled heavily by,
And her laugh seemed the echo of many a sigh—
Yet she smiled as she muttered, "I knew he was dear;
By the vows he has uttered, I wish he were here."

And moments grew hours, and hours of pain;
Though anxiously hoped for, he came not again:
Hope sickened within her, she'd see him no more,
And the bright dreams of fancy forever were o'er.
The loud laugh was silenced, her bosom swelled high,
And the smile had been changed to a heart-piercing sigh,

And her bright eyes were moist with a penitent
tear,
As she cried, "How I love him! I wish he were
here!

"Oh, I wish he were here! but, alas, 'tis too late!
And too vainly I weep o'er my desolate fate;
He never can know now, by look or by word,
This heart owns a master, and he is its lord."
But she heard not a footstep quite noiselessly
glide,
And she saw not his form as he stood by her side,
Till his arm sought her waist, and his lip dried
her tear,
And he whispered "Dear love! he is here! he is
here!"

COUSIN THE'.

THEY say you are off to the North, Cousin The',
  To dwell on the edge of the lake,
But they cannot see how this news crushes me,
  Who hoped that you'd stay for my sake,
  Cousin The'. Yes, who hoped that you'd stay
    for my sake!

The clime of the North's very cold, Cousin The',
  And the winds are as sharp as a knife;
Oh, think, should it be, as northward you flee,
  That there's danger which threatens your life,
  Cousin The'. Yes, there's danger to your pre-
    cious life!

There's much may be borne in this world, Cousin
    The',
  So much that it passes belief,
But should aught hap to thee in that land of the
    free,

Past relief we'd be stricken with grief, Cousin
The'.
Yes, we'd be stricken with grief past relief!

The girls of the North are quite fair, Cousin The',
And much they are sought and caress'd;
But boldly say we, though the world bends its
knee,
That the girls of the West are the girls we love
best,
And best of them all we love thee, Cousin The'.
Yes, best of them all we love thee!

"WHAT WILL HE DO WITH IT?"

WHAT will he do with it—Ruler of Space—
Do with the soul He has fixed in this place;
Tied it, a slave, to the car-wheels of time,
Whirled it along amid virtue and crime,
Caused it to sicken at all it has known,
Measured its hours by sigh, sob, and groan,
Forced it to halt 'twixt the false and the true:
What will He do with it—what can He do?

Father all-merciful! humbly I dare,
Unschooled by hope, and unawed by despair,
Ask for the peace which is found in the tomb—
Pray thee the gift of a soul to resume;
Think, if this life has deprived it of worth,
Thine was the will which condemned it to earth;
Be it unsullied, or crimsoned with guilt,
Take it, and do with it e'en as thou wilt!

Take it, oh, take it, arrest its sad flight,
'Mid sorrow and sickness, and darkness and night;
Ease it from care and relieve it from pain,
Bid it repose with its Maker again!
Cause it to come, like a bird on the wing
That hears the dear voice of its mate sweetly sing,
To sleep without waking, or wake with the blest,
To fold up its pinions and sink to its rest!

ON THE DEATH OF * * * *

The somber clouds that linger nigh,
  The pall which now enshrouds each heart,
The humid eyes which will not dry,
  The sighs which so impulsive start;
All wailing, tell the same sad tale—
  That youth has fled, that life is o'er;
That hopes, that prayers could not avail,
  And that, alas, thou art no more!

Thou art no more! forgive the thought!
  Unjust alike to Heaven and thee,
For Death, by inspiration taught,
  Is change to Immortality!
And thou, whose beauteous form expressed
  A mind as pure, a soul as chaste,
Art numbered only with the blessed,
  Who never-ending pleasures taste.

Thou wert too bright to dwell below,
  Where thy unselfish spirit's tone

Sought to assuage each plaint of woe,
  Though it should make that woe its own.
Such souls as thine are like sweet dreams
  To feeble faith by Mercy given;
They ope the sky and shine, as gleams
  Of perfect light, direct from heaven.

Couldst be restored to mortal hours,
  We'd have thee freed from mortal pains,
In scenes where birds and sweetest flow'rs
  Blossom and move 'mid music's strains.
But no! though loved, we would not dare
  To wish removed the sacred sod
Which might recall thy presence here,
  And part thy spirit from its God.

Yet must we grieve, for nature wills
  Its tribute tears to worth like thine,
E'en though assured thou'rt freed from ills
  Which earthly life and hopes entwine:
But, as from the seraphic dome,
  Thou seest thy friends sad vigils keep
Within the once familiar home,
  Thou know'st they joy with thee—yet weep!

THOU HAST STOOD BESIDE THE ALTAR.

THOU hast stood beside the altar,
  And murmured forth the vow,
To love HIM still in after years
  As warmly e'en as now;
And the tear that trembled in thine eye,
  While thy glances sought the ground,
By angel hands was borne on high—
  With saints a home has found.
With them, it is a pledge for thee,
  That truth was in thy heart;
And changeless, and for aye, unchanged,
  From thence 'twill never part.
They'll guard thee through life's varied path—
  Through hope, and joy, and grief—
They'll add to all thy happiness
  And give thy grief relief.
For they saw thy youth and beauty,
  And the wealth thy heart could bring,

And they will not let misfortune shroud
  So bright, so fair a thing!

* * * * *

And he, who sought thy happy home—
  The home by thee made blest—
Where thou wert ever gently used,
  And from thy youth caress'd;
Will he prize thee as thou shouldst be prized—
  As the jewel of his soul!
And wear thee ever, ever thus,
  Till time shall cease to roll?
Will he soothe thee in thy sadness,
  And make thy joys increase;
Will he strew thy untried path with flowers,
  And mantle thee with peace?
His voice proclaims it firmly,
  And his eyes beam bright with love,
And nobleness sits on his brow—
  An impress from above.
Kind Heaven! let naught efface that seal—
  For her sake and for his—
Preserve it where it sits enthroned,
  A pledge of mutual bliss!
Let him cherish thee as fondly
  As in this heart thou'rt fixed,

And I dare to speak of happiness,
  With little sorrow mixed;
For though he love thee wildly—
  Till his heart runs o'er and o'er—
And though he love thee differently,
  He cannot love thee more!
For I have nursed thee in thy cradle,
  Where never ventured guile,
And watched thy growth to womanhood,
  And loved thee all the while,
With a love that never knew a change,
  But as its date grew longer,
Affection's fount more overflowed—
  Affection's streams were stronger.
Then let him love as faithfully
  As thy brother's love is seen,
And thou'lt never sigh for by-gone hours,
  For the days that once have been.
Now God! who reigns in mercy,
  Give you both his joys most rare,
And keep all shadows from thy path!
  'Tis a loving brother's pray'r.

WHISPERING LEAVES.

Is there a magic in the hour,
  As twilight fades in night,
Which gives human souls the pow'r
  To see supernal light?
Is life distilled from falling dew,
  Does witchcraft taint the breeze,—
Oh! what is that so wondrous new—
  Those voices in the trees!

Those soft low tones which stir the heart,
  And strain the watching eye,
As though from slumber we should start,
  To hear an angel sigh.
Those are not echoes in a dream,
  Which fancy idly weaves,
But real sounds, that more than seem,
  And come from Whispering Leaves!

Why do they move so sad or free;
  So like to joy or grief;
Is there a spirit in a tree—
  A soul within a leaf?
Is life to them so bright a thing,
  In this their hour of birth,
That they must laugh with laughing spring,
  And be convulsed with mirth?

Or smile they as the wooing air
  Dispels all fear and doubt,
And tells them that, with things most fair,
  Their lamp of life goes out!
That anguish they shall never know,
  Nor feel December's gale;
Ne'er sigh in vain o'er other's woe,
  Or weep at sorrow's wail!

Why are they sad, as zephyrs die,
  And darkness closes round!
Feel they the time when they must lie
  Forever on the ground?
Want they the hope which forms a part
  Of every human breast;
That springs undying from the heart,
  And ever is caress'd?

The hope which flutters, but ne'er flies,—
  Which takes the sting from pain,—
Comes like the sun in autumn skies,
  And falls like summer rain!
Let them not pine in vain for this,
  Or droop before the fall;
Omnipotence apportions bliss,
  And knows what's best for all!

LETTER TO COUSIN ELLEN.

Dear Coz, it appears that you think it a slight,
If a ship sails for Boston and I do not write;
But believe, my dear Ellen, it is not untrue
When I say that your cousin has much else to do.
You may sneer, and may laugh—you may think it a joke,
But there's "Blackstone" to read, and also there's Coke:"
There are deeds to be written and pleadings to file,
And causes to argue, which take a great while;
In fact I'm a plodding, industrious wight,
Whose time's not his own from the dawn till midnight.
Here's a man who's been knocked on his heel or his head,
And kept from his work, and of course from his bread;

He comes to my shop with a pitiful face,
And in language pathetic he mentions his case.
My vanity's flattered that he should seek me!
Nor can I decline when he pays down a fee;
'Tis humanity suffers! I take up the cause—
Put the fee in my pocket, and turn to the laws.
Another there is—a stray lamb from the fold—
Whose wealth has been plundered—he's minus his gold:
No force has been used, but he's fleeced by a knave,
And he comes to his lawyer and begs like a slave.
I cannot do less than recover his ore,
And make him as happy as ever before.
I read him a lecture—his folly I blame—
Take a slice of his fortune, which adds to my fame;
For fame without money 's weak diet, you know—
So 'tis wise to make sure of a good *quid pro quo.*
But I will not bore you with records of crime,
Containing no touch of the grand or sublime;
Though I might, if I had but the time to indite 'em,
Give you cases on cases, aye, *ad infinitum.*

But would you be pleased with the why or the how,
That "this" is a murder, or "that" is a row?
Would you smile at the difference, so learnedly given,
'Twixt "trover," "conversion"—'twixt "debt" and "replevin?"
Could you dive with delight to the primitive source
Of the laws which decree the oft sought-for *Divorce?*
Yet hold—I may trespass—you'll think me ill-bred
If I speak of "divorce" to one going to wed,
For the proverb's extant which tells that the tongue
Should not mention a "rope" where a man has been hung;
And I'm so much a Frenchman, that I could not fear
You should think I've no claim to be thought *debonair;*
So consider there's not been a distant allusion
To family jars or domestic confusion.

Confusion! what folly to mention the word,
Connected with one who so worships her lord!
I'll believe that the moon may be made of green cheese,
And that you may play ball with the sun, when you please;
I'll believe that Apollo ne'er handled a lyre,
That twinkling stars are but small coals of fire;
I'll believe it is midnight when we know it is noon,
That the world may be spanned in a paper balloon,
That streams may be rolled up precipitous hills,
And that cures be effected with any quack pills;
I'll believe that a frigate, though under full sail,
Could not in a month span the sea serpent's tail;
I'll believe that the same ship, if sent to the pole,
Instead of a point would discover a hole,
And enter therein, (every atlas to mend,)
And in a few days find the world's other end;
I'll believe that the comet, on the thirteenth of June,
Knocked our earth from its orbit and shattered the moon,

Made a dash at the sun, and just barely missed him,
And with a flirt of his tail sent the whole solar system
A staggering—like *patriots* on the Fourth of July,
As homeward they reel, "with a drop in their eye:"
In fact, I'll believe any nonsense you mention,
No matter how great, nor how plain the invention,
Before I'll believe that you're destined to miss
A wedding of joy or connubial bliss.
The fate of your youth is foretold by the stars,
As upward we look and see Venus and Mars;
And the fate of your age, too, is quite as well known,
Its records are deathless—they are "Darby" and "Joan;"
With a score or two grandchildren sporting in glee,
In the grandmother's lap, on the grandfather's knee,—

But I must rein in my poetical steeds,
Lest they mention too much when they speak of
Love's deeds.
'Tis true that they're prophets, and fairly they're
matched,
But "we should not count chickens before they
are hatched!"
So I'll draw in the curb—make them yield to the
bit:
Now, Prophecy, vanish! now after it, Wit!

A word or two more, and I'll finish my letter;
If I'd begun it in prose it would have been
better,
Because in less space I might have said more,
Without risking your voting your cousin a bore.
However, 'tis done, and repenting is vain,
I can only resolve that I'll ne'er sin again;
So you can, if you will, and I doubt not you'll
choose,
On pledged reformation, to pardon my muse.

I take it for granted, your lover's in health,
And miserly gloats o'er his store of great wealth—

'Tis *you* that I mean by his treasure so rare,
Though put down your fan, for your blushes I'll
spare.
Let *him* whisper perfections when with you alone,
They sound as they should from no tongue but his
own;
Besides, if he brings a soft blush to your face,
The rose you can hide in a tender embrace:
Or if that is too warm, there's a refuge that's
colder—
Throw one arm round his neck and your head on
his shoulder.
Present my respects to the youth you adore—
Good wishes go with him to Benedict's shore;
Give my love to your mother, your sisters, and all
Who care for the same, be they stout, short, or
tall;
And, gentle my Coz, take as much of that pelf
As you care to receive on account of yourself;
And till he can have you once more within view,
Think kindly of him who now bids you—Adieu!

MY LOVE IS AN ANGEL.

My love, though an angel, comes not from above,
Nor comes she in heavenly guise;
But her heart is a fountain of heavenly love,
And her spirit's as gentle as that of a dove;
While the Graces might study from her how to move,
And Paradise beams through her eyes.

My love is an angel, yet does not wear wings,
Nor seems she encircled with light;
But her voice is as sweet as a seraph's that sings,
And her presence the essence of happiness brings,
And affection around her in tenderness clings,
As a home that is heavenly bright.

I'd not, if I could, that my angel might be
A creature of heavenly birth;

But couldst thou observe how her face lights with
glee,
As she looks for the hour that is to bring me,
Thou'dst admit, though an infidel, harden'd, that
we
Have our own little heaven—on earth.

MA BELLE.

MA BELLE, my beautiful! each word
  Comes o'er me like a spell,
That 'neath the silv'ry moon is heard
  From seraphs' lips to swell;
Waking within the caverned heart
  The echoes where they dwell,
Till, with united voice they start,
  And sigh thy name—*Ma Belle!*

For thou art beautiful and bright,
  In form, in mind as well,
As aught on earth that e'er saw light,
  On mountain, flood, or fell;
And should'st thou fade, like some sweet dream,
  Which waking thoughts dispel,
Thou'lt live in memory still, and seem
  Mon ange cherie—Ma Belle!

And oh, for words that flow to win,
  With voice of Philomel—
And 'twere not such a mortal sin—
  My very soul I'd sell!
For language is a senseless sea,
  And vainly strives to tell
The burning thoughts that gush for thee,
  My Beautiful! *Ma Belle!*

LINES TO ——, ON HER FAINTING IN CHURCH ON EASTER SUNDAY.

Most strange that it should happen on that day
of all the year!
That thou shouldst be bereft of sense, and lie as
on a bier
Within the very temple, while hosannas filled the
air,
And changed to joy the hearts that late were
heavy with despair:
On that day when the Redeemer made etern' his
power to save,
And rose, in heavenly majesty, triumphant o'er
the grave:
That thou shouldst droop, and fade, and sink, and
yield thy very breath,
And seeming, soulless lie within the cold embrace
of death!

No marvel was it that a chill, like ice, came o'er the crowd,
That grief proclaimed its presence then, in lamentations loud;
That lightsome hearts grew sad, and sick, with thoughts of sundered ties,
And tears flowed fast from all—e'en those unused to humid eyes:
For ne'er it seemed Tyrant swayed so ruthlessly his power,
And ne'er his poisoned shaft could touch, and blight a fairer flower;
Nor ever, since creation's birth — within life's troubled tide—
Entwined his fleshless arms around more beauteous a bride!
But blessed be He, who rose that day! the horror did but *seem*,
And what appeared the sleep of death was naught beside a dream,
That passed away, like other dreams, and left thy mind its wealth,
While to thy cheeks returned again the bloom of youth and health.

Yet had thy spirit, in that hour, forsook its fair abode,
To wing its upward flight unto the footstool of its God;
Methinks it might have lingered round the form in which 't had dwelt,
Where loving hearts were sorrowing, and weeping friends had knelt;
And while it fluttered, conscious just, of that, its second birth,
With longing still for what was past—the tender ties of earth—
Methinks that the Redeemer, whose power, it is said,
Had rent the grave, and back to life recalled the charneled dead;
Who, when the Bethan sisters twain, in agony and pray'r
Besought to have their brother live, inclined His willing ear:
Who listened with exhaustless love unto the voice of pain,
And hushed that grief, too great for her—the widowed one of Nain:

Methinks He would have pity ta'en upon the
mourners then,
And to its tenement recalled thy spirit back
again;
While to each heavy heart He'd say, "O, sad one,
wherefore weep?
Thy sister lieth there e'en now; she doth not die,
but sleep!"

TO MY SISTER IN HEAVEN.

They tell me, sister, that thy form
  Beneath the cold earth lies,
Forsaken by its spirit warm,
  And earthly sympathies;
But though to others thou seem'st gone
  Unto thy lowly bed,
And though my bosom feels forlorn,
  To me thou art not dead!

Nor canst thou be, while mem'ry shines
  Within its wonted sphere,
Or hope, with sacred power, entwines
  What mem'ry holds so dear;
For in the future, as the past,
  Thy province is to give
A vision that must ever last,
  And where thou still must live.

Not in existence separate,
  And from this world afar,
As though removed by cruel fate,
  To some receding star;
But visibly—to mental sight,
  And palpably—to thought,
With all that made thee seem so bright,
  And with affections fraught.

In fancy oft we'll wander through
  The varied scenes of youth,
And, lost to grosser things, renew
  Our tenderness and truth.
Thou'lt be again the hope and pride,
  Through childhood's smiles and tears;
Again thou'lt be the friend, so tried,
  Of boyhood's ripening years.

Thou'lt be the ivy, clinging round
  The man's developed form,
Yet shielding it with counsels sound,
  In sunshine and in storm.
Thou'lt be the self-denying one,
  As oft has been confess'd—
Who thinks the simplest duty done,
  In making others blest.

And in the future thou wilt be
  My counsel, as of yore,
Till time shall cease to roll with me,
  And earth will be no more;
For oft communion we will hold,
  When darkness veils the sight,
And slumbers half the world enfold
  And reigns the solemn night.

Then will I breathe my ev'ry thought
  Unto thy spirit nigh,
And see thy lip with pleasure wrought,
  Or catch thy answering sigh,
As such discourse may freely ope,
  To thy inclining ear,
The buoyant sounds of ruddy hope,
  The somber tones of fear.

Thus will it be, till, through the grave,
  We may for aye unite,
And mount, on an eternal wave,
  Triumphant o'er death's might;
While from a grosser nature freed,
  As bursting through the sod,
Thy purer spirit mine will lead
  To the footstool of our God!

EVENING HYMN.

Our thanks to great Jehovah!
  Our praise to the Most High!
Whose mercy through another day,
  Has still been ever nigh;
Whose goodness, like a fountain,
  Our cup of bliss has filled,
And fertile made the stubborn earth
  Our willing toil has tilled.

We pray thee, Lord, thy care extend,
  And guard us with thy might,
And let thy angels with us be
  Throughout the livelong night.
As sinks the sun, which now declines
  Behind the distant west,
So let thy potency arise,
  To shield us while we rest.

We are thy children—servants! slaves!
  The creatures of thy hand!
And by thy gracious will alone
  We now before thee stand;
And with unbounded faith we breathe
  Our prayer to thee above,
For well we know that thou art God!
  And know that "God is Love!"

TO THE OREGON BRIDE.

Oh, haste with your aid each beneficent muse,
Without waiting to don either bonnets or shoes,
For you should not care in what costume you're seen,
Or even delay to assume crinoline;
But list to this call, and in season be warned,
And come as you are—aye, come unadorned;
Unless, at the moment you're urgently press'd,
Your toilet's complete, and you find yourselves drest,
And furnished, *au fait*, as a Miss, or a flirt,
With all modern arrangements—from hair-pins to skirt.

Time was, as we're told, when you ladies were lasses,
And bounded unfettered o'er lovely Parnassus,

Led hither and thither by each rising whim,
Nor simpered or blushed to display a neat limb;
But flitted along, full of music and mirth—
The happiest creatures that touched upon earth.
'Tis true, 'tis a pity, that time has gone by,
And at ankles displayed prudish dames look awry,
And declare that no dress can be proper or neat
That's not boundless in width, and in length sweeps the street!
Methinks you exclaim, at this news, "'tis strange taste,
Which lengthens the skirt to diminish the waist;
That hoops are expanding, and trains seem to grow,
While *bodies* keep getting quite low and more low;
And that prurient eyes of delighted beholders
Are pampered by glimpses of arms, necks, and shoulders,
Which—'tis wond'rous to tell, e'en the most bashful fair
Take the world to be witness—are both lovely and bare!"

Yet they're not to be blamed, as 'tis Fashion's decree,
Which is law to most creatures, except you or me;
Though 'tis curious to think, at a ball or a hop,
Where this cutting of bodies is destined to stop!
And 'tis fair to suppose—should the fashion but last,
And the future be judged, as is right, by the past—
That both dresses and bonnets we'll certainly find
In the care of small pages some distance behind;
While the beauties assail every sense with delight,
With hair unprotected, and garments—all white!
Then since such things may happen to girls of this earth,
The Muses, who boast a superior birth,
May promptly come hither—that is, if they choose—
And avow their disdain both of bonnets and shoes;
Of hoops, skirts, and bodies; of shawls and of hose;
In fact, they can come, if they please, without clothes,

(Which may aid them in 'scaping the wind when it blows,)
Nŏr care if creation should turn up its nose!

Thus invoked, then, appear! Appear now, and tarry,
Till this pen is inspired with thoughts to Miss Carrie;
Or rather to her who, by nuptials and bliss,
Precludes e'en detraction from thinking a-Miss;
And who, on the bosom of life's troubled tide,
Glides gracefully onward — a blushing young bride—
Whose streams of affection and fountain of charms,
Gush o'er the blest person, and hallow the arms
Of a youth who now riots in sweets from her lip,
But whose name, oh, chaste Muse! by your leave we will skip.
If Muses, by measures, can influence Fate,
Can adorn it with smiles, and absorb all its hate;
Can make it withhold storms of grief and of tears,
And stay its unpitying scissors or shears;

Then tune your sweet lyres, and peal forth a strain,
To exempt this fair bride from all sorrow and pain;
To remove every thorn from her pathway of life,
And secure every joy which pertains to a wife.
Let pleasure—like waves crested over with spray,
As they're touched by the sunshine and give back each ray—
Take the hues of the rainbow, and so meet her sight,
And break o'er her future in beauty and light,
Till Time, heavy-footed, exclaims with a pout,
As he holds up his glass, that her sands have run out,
And points from her Sun, as it sinks in the west,
To the blue vault above, where she sleeps with the blest!

"YOU HAVE KNOWN ME SCARCE A MONTH."

'Twas true; but yet within that span of hours
There were engendered tones which not the pow'rs
Of the leagued earth could banish from my soul,
Or even place within my mind's control;
For, as that atom lapsed through great Time's glass—
Aye, ere a fraction could have chance to pass
Among the myriad hours that were—there rose,
From their deep founts, affection's fondest throes.
Turn where I would, I saw but only thee;
Go where I might, my thoughts could not be free.
In vain I sought by reason to assuage
The sudden flood—it boil'd with fiercer rage,
When passion's mentor bade it cease to range
Within this breast, where it had e'er been strange.

Not those who saw the welcome waters flow
From the hard rock, obedient to the blow
From the light wand of Israel's prophet chief,
Could more have been amazed into the belief
Of what their startled eyes beheld, than I,
At what I felt, at what drew many a sigh.
I long had called such feeling follies, all,
And smiled and mocked at those who blindly fall
Within a vortex by their fancy made,
Or strayed in mazes by themselves array'd;
For I had deemed no source within me dwelt
From whence could issue aught that then I felt.
'Twas like a garden, midst a barren waste,
Teeming with fruits to please the eye and taste;
'Twas like the sun, on Hecla's frozen height,
Dissolving snows and making verdure bright;
'Twas like a torrent rolling o'er the sand
Of burning deserts toward a smiling land;
'Twas like that torrent, from the desert free,
Deep'ning and wid'ning, rushing to the sea.
A sea I found extending to my view—
A sea it was of boundless love for you!
Hills, trees, or clouds no more obscured the sight;
The sun had banished all the shades of night.

The specious pleas that mind could interpose,
Fell weak and tott'ring ere to thought they rose.
'Twas vain deception—it could not deceive,
Nor even respite from belief achieve;
For, by each impulse, as I breathed or moved,
I felt I deeply, fondly, truly loved!

LINES TO * * * *

A ROSE thou art—scarce blossomed to maturity—
Glist'ning still with all the dewy freshness of spring's
Earliest treasure. May zephyrs only play around
Thy path in brightness and in smiles! May no unkindly
Heat fall scorchingly upon thee, to parch the summer
Of thy joy, or wither the soft leaves that fold themselves
In shelter round the heart! Thou wilt be gathered!
But he who grafts thee from the parent stem, unto
His own, must—he will—be chary of the flower
That nestles in his bosom, and lives but on his love.
As gently as the dying echoes of soft music,

Heard at the still hour of midnight, may'st thou
glide into
The autumn of thy days; and when the winter
comes,
With its chill winds, to cause thy leaves to fade—
thyself
To vibrate 'neath its icy touch—like a snow-flake
May'st thou fall, and on the bosom of the earth
Repose, as pure, as fairy-like, and as beautiful!
While, from the clayey bed that closes round thy
sweets,
There shall an exhalation rise, whose fragrance
Will expand beyond the cerulean vault that
Circumscribes the earth, and penetrates, aye,
through the
Portal of the eternal universe, to the
Great presence, even of the Great Supreme!

I'LL THINK OF THEE.

I'LL think of thee—that thought alone
  Can never from my memory flee;
In every breeze I'll find a tone
  That whispers naught but love and thee;
And every sound that greets my ear,
  And every object that I see,
Will be to me more sweet, more dear,
  When mingled with the thought of thee.

Should fortune smile, and hope be bright,
  And from the world be naught to fear,
O what can add to that delight
  But the one thought that thou art near!
Then pleasure, with its thousand wiles,
  Will vainly strive the heart to free;
No joy I'll see but in those smiles,
  No rapture feel away from thee.

Should adverse fate my hopes o'ercloud,
  And dark'ning sorrows o'er me gloom;
The crushed heart to earth be bowed,
  And yearn for peace beyond the tomb:
Should trusted friends unfaithful prove,
  And naught surround but misery,
I'll turn to that bright star of love,
  That bids me live to think of thee.

And when existence's span is run,
  And death impatient waits for me,
My soul, as to its earthly sun,
  Will turn a lingering look on thee:
E'en when the last sad scene of life
  Shall mingle with the shades of death,
My spirit, in its latest strife,
  Will bless thee with its parting breath.

THE PENITENT.

Beside the pallet of the silent corpse he knelt,
That dark, stern man, with haughty brow and mien:
His heaving breast by all but God unseen.
To all but Him, unknown the pangs he felt;
No cry of grief or prayer to Heaven be raised,
But all intent upon those deathly features gazed.

His wife was she, and more than faithful had she been,
Through the alternate changes in life's path;
Through peace and joy, through agony and wrath;
Aye, all of these, at varied times, she'd seen,
And known him when in paths of crime he'd trod,
And loved him still, though still she loved her God.

To him she'd been a guardian kind as fair,
  Who counseled virtue, when his erring will
  To dark ensnaring vice would lead him still;
And when in vain, her solace found in prayer
  For him, that God in his great mercy might
  Correct his steps and keep them in the right.

And he beside her corpse! And she was dead!
  Alas, it was a solemn sight to see
  Her lifeless there, and he on bended knee!
But he had vowed to her, ere life had fled,
  That the dark paths of misery and sin
  He would abandon, and mercy strive to win.

Awhile in silence, and steadfastly intent
  He gazed on her, so beauteous e'en in death;
  Yet no sound escaped him but the quick breath
Ruffling her white shroud as o'er her form he leant;
  No tear-drop fell, yet oh! that brow compress'd
  Alone could speak the anguish of his breast!

'Twas a hard conflict then 'twixt pride and nature,
  As in his heart alternately they strove;

Pride urged him to appear unmoved,
If not at soul, at least in outward feature;
While nature, with her piteous, plaintive cries,
Calls for her tribute, which vainly he denies.

For he is more than man who nature can subdue,
And mould her laws subservient to his will;
He cannot be a lonely husband, bending still
Beneath a weight of grief, a dear wife's corpse in view;
No! nature triumphed here; and soon he felt
E'en his warped pride before that power could melt.

For as he knelt, from memory's cells appeared
To him the scenes of youth and life misspent,
And painful thoughts of her whose heart was rent,
Whose peace destroyed, whose joy by him was seared.
He thought, too, of her as a charming, happy bride,
When first he pressed her to his breast in manly pride,

And vowed to her unceasing, changeless love,
While soul, or sense, or reason still should last,
And whispered fervent hopes, when life had pass'd,
Of brighter, purer, holier joys above;
And as these thoughts arose, e'en pride was lulled to sleep,
And his unbending spirit learned at length to weep.

Warm, burning, bitter tears, that only man can weep,
He shed, while sobs on sobs his breast convulsive heaved,
And as he sobbed he prayed to be relieved
From the sharp pangs which conscience struck so deep;
Years had rolled by since he had prayed before,
But now he prayed like one who thought of earth no more.

All the deep agony of his burdened soul
He poured forth to Heav'n in prayer,

E'en though within he had a trembling fear
That deeds like his placed him beyond control
Of meek and gentle mercy's pitying power;
That awful justice on him could only lower.

* * * * *

Hours passed away, and the gray morning
Found him still a suppliant near the bed;
But in that time he had been gently led,
By pard'ning mercy, to the kindly dawning
Of all-radiant hope, that smiling seemed to say,
"No sins can be too dark for God to wash away!"

He rose at length, resigned, and turned to leave
The chamber of the dead; yet ere he left,
He cast on her, of whom he was bereft,
A ling'ring look of mingled hope and grief;
Then bowed himself in gratitude to Heaven,
That heard his prayer, and had his sins forgiven!

TO * * *

THAT LITTLE BIRD.

WAS it a bird that whispered you
  The feeble powers I own?
Did it appear distinct to view,
  And is its plumage known!
Said it no more than might be heard
  At opera or ball?
Oh, speak again of that dear bird!
  Say, did it tell you all!

It might have told you many things,
  Besides that one revealing:
It might! and shown you, with its wings,
  A universe—of feeling!
It might—but wherefore tell you now,
  All that it might have told!
Shouldst learn the half, perchance thy brow
  Would grow reserved and cold!

Oh, could my secret soul divine
  One impulse of thy heart!
And feel no reason to repine
  At what it would impart;
'Twould—like the dove, when to the ark
  It came with tidings blest,—
Cease from a flight both drear and dark,
  And fold its wings to rest!

I WOULD NOT BE WITHOUT THEE.

'Twas very chill; the moon was high,
  And clouds obscured the sight;
The northern wind went moaning by,
  Lamenting to the night:
I drew my mantle closer round—
  My mind with fancies teemed—
I fell into a sleep profound,
  And as I slept I dreamed.

Methought thy form was at my side,
  All lovely as thou art,
And pleasure, in a golden tide,
  Came bounding to my heart.
All earthly things beneath thee bent:
  Grief had to gladness grown,
While Nature, smiling, o'er thee leant,
  And claimed thee as her own.

The chilling breeze no more was heard,
  No clouds obscured the night;
There was a song of beauteous bird
  That warbled with delight;
And heavy odors filled the air,
  While music's swelling strain
Discoursed on earth, a bliss too rare
  To e'er be heard again.

The dream had passed; the sky was bright;
  The scene around was fair;
Though far away from me, that night
  Thy spirit had been here!
And if in dreams thy presence brings
  Such ample joy about thee—
Kind Heaven aid me with thy wings—
  I would not be without thee!

THE ROSE IS RED.

TO * * *

"The rose is red, the violet's blue,
Sugar's sweet, and so is—molasses."

THE rose is red, the poet says,
And many maids, to view,
Are quite as red; yet few there are
Have *read* as much as you.

But still the violet's hue were false,
Should that, for fact, disclose,
That you have e'er assumed to wear
Cerulean socks or hose.

You may, in time, become a Gray,
A Black, a Brown, a White,
Should some inviting swain, so named,
To wedlock you invite.

But never, in the tide of time,
  Shall it be said of you,
That you took pains to be *well read*,
  And then—became *a blue!*

The cane, when pressed, yields juices sweet,
  Which multitudes may sip;
But who'd not envy him, who claims
  The right to press your lip?

Should that be mine, I'd own a bliss
  Which sugar's self surpasses,
And might exclaim—"No sweet on earth
  Is sweeter than *my-lass-is!*"

MY BOUQUET.

I SEEK for thee a tender name
  Among the flowrets rare,
Which ravish now the sense and sight,
  In fancy's rich parterre;
And though some attribute I trace,
  In those of fairest kind,
Thy image only perfect seems,
  When they are all combined.

Thy graceful form, thy modest mien,
  Thy brow and cheeks so pale,
Can Flora emblem aptest, by
  The Lily of the Vale;
But then the blush which rises oft
  More fragrant flowers disclose,
And blends, beside the lily fair,
  The leaflets of the Rose.

Thy well-trained mind a garden is,
  And he could not be wise,
Who would not seek that garden out,
  And term it, Paradise!
Yet should I name a simple flower
  To call thee when I please,
I'd pass all other flowers by,
  And thou shouldst be—Hearts' Ease!

I would not call thee so, till time
  The secret should impart,
That thou couldst smile upon my hope,
  And kindly ease my heart:
Yet still I'd have thee 'midst the flowers
  In dreams, and e'en by day,
And see thee typified by all,
  And think thee—My Bouquet!

CHARLIE.

Thy little arms intwine her close,
  Thy head sinks down to rest,
And pillowed is thy blooming cheek,
  Upon her gentle breast;
Thy speaking eyes, but yet half veiled,
  Are raised to those above,
And give back looks of confidence,
  For beams of boundless love.

Oh, wond'rous are the subtle links,
  Mysterious nature weaves,
To bind the mother's heart unto
  The offspring she conceives;
And holy is the shelt'ring care,
  That ever round it clings,
Without a selfish thought, to dim
  Its bright, seraphic wings.

Rest, baby, rest! while yet thou may'st,
  Upon that peaceful shrine,
(The fount alike of life and love—
  Of love almost divine,)
For time speeds on with rapid tide,
  And youth will soon be fled,
When vainly on it wilt thou wish
  To lay thy aching head.

Yet what thou learn'st while ling'ring there,
  Will mantle thee, through life,
From half the ills that needs must flow
  From earth, and earthly strife;
And ne'er from rectitude or peace
  Can'st thou be cast afar,
If thou but tak'st a mother's love
  To be thy polar star;

For, like the dew-drop to the flower—
  The sunshine to the tree,
Will come, e'en in thy darkest hour,
  That mother's love to thee.

Then guard thee watchfully, oh babe,
With prayer at eve and morn,
That thou may'st never plant within
That mother's breast, a thorn!

THE END.